

The Missionary Helper.

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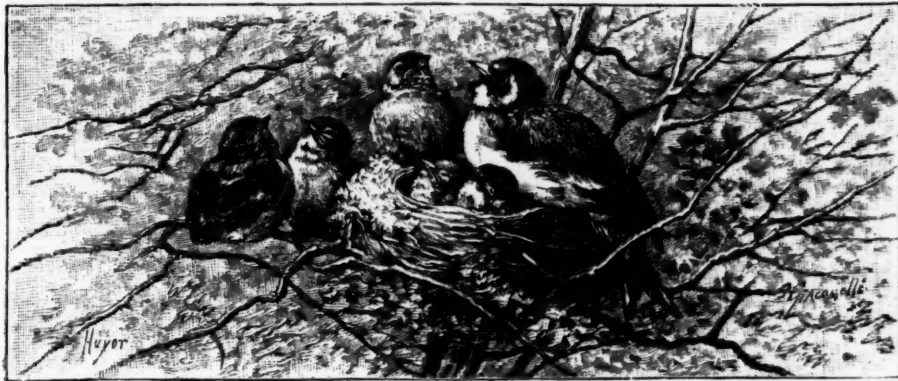
FREE BAPTIST WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

MOTTO: *Faith and Works Win.*

VOL. XXII.

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No. 6



O happy birds among the boughs,
And silver twinkling brook below,
Why are you glad,
Though skies look sad?
"Ah why? And would you know?"
A pleasant song to me replied,
"For some one else we sing;
And that is why the woodlands wide
With rapture round us ring."

O daisies crowding all the fields,
And twinkling grass and buds that grow,
Each glance you greet
With smiles so sweet!
"And why—oh! would you know?"
Their beauty to my heart replied,
"For some one else we live;
And nothing in the world so wide
Is sweeter than to give."

—Anon.

TWO PICTURES.

(Recitation.)

In a warm and dainty cradle
 Lay a baby, sweet and fair;
 And the tender parents watching
 Guarded her with zealous care.
 Loved and shielded was the maiden
 As she grew to womanhood.
 By all love and care surrounded,
 What knew she of aught but good?
 Happy wife and loving mother,
 Richest blessings on her shed;
 Loved, respected, honored, cherished,
 Into peace and comfort led.

In a hut a heathen mother
 Wept beside a sleeping child,
 And with bitter sobs and wailings
 Cried in lamentation wild.
 "O my baby!" moaned the mother,
 While her tears fell fast and hot,
 "Well I know the cruel sorrows
 That await a woman's lot.
 Scorned, neglected, shamed, degraded,
 Love and pity finds she none;
 At the mercy of a tyrant,
 Hopeless, helpless, sad, alone."

'Tis the Saviour's blessed gospel
 That makes one so glad and free,
 And without it must the other
 Live in sad captivity;
 Yet God looks on all as equal,
 Ah! it rests with you and me
 To make glad our heathen sisters
 Far away across the sea.
 Shall we sit at ease, unheeding,
 While our sisters suffer, die—
 No kind hand to soothe their anguish,
 And no loving helper nigh?

They are calling! let us heed them;
 Send the good news far and wide;
 There is light for those in darkness,
 'Twas for them the dear Christ died.
 There is hope and peace and comfort
 In the place of wild despair,
 And the love of God our Father
 They with us may gladly share.
 Let us help them. Over yonder,
 When the great white throne we see,
 We shall hear the Master saying,
 "Ye have done it unto me."

—*The Helping Hand.*

OUR MISSION BANDS.



HAS anyone thought what a zealous army of little children are going to join in the nineteenth century celebration of the advent of the Messiah? I have seen the picture by Doré of Christ entering Jerusalem on Palm Sunday, and some of the most striking figures were the little children in their abandon of joy at the coming of Jesus. In Raphael's Sistine Madonna it is the child and cherubs that rivet our atten-

tion. Victor Hugo, in a beautiful poem, says the child is the center of the family. Church and state have recognized this principle in human life, and the little folks are given opportunities till we tremble lest we urge their growing minds and souls to premature development.

But I like to think and I believe that it is natural for the child to love the good and to try to be helpful, and my heart thrills as I think of these thousands of little children in Europe and America singing praises as the birds sing, strewing blessings as the flowers exhale their perfume, and maturing into good lives as the grain and fruit ripens for the harvest, because state and church throw about them the conditions to develop good characters.

Now how about our own part in the Christian work of the world? Are we giving the Free Baptist children all the chances which we ought to train their lives for the Master? The movement of the young people's societies to establish junior bands is one of the most promising of the past year, but it in no wise relieves the Woman's Missionary Society, who from the beginning with far-reaching foresight have endeavored to make their work permanent by training the children to be missionaries and missionary workers. It is still our duty to

carefully see and make sure that the children of each of our churches have some opportunity, either in junior societies or in mission bands, to exercise and increase that helpful and loving spirit which every little baby shows with its first gesture. As Christian fathers and mothers we should ponder for the growth of the moral faculty as we do for the physical and mental.

I wish we might have a number of short letters sent to my address, or to the HELPER, telling what you are doing in your own church to give the children a chance to develop this missionary spirit. A day at Ocean Park and an hour in our quarterly meetings on this topic would be helpful.

There are two strong reasons for the consideration of the child's Christian growth—the need the church has for them and the duty the church owes to them. I want to urge this thought especially on our auxiliaries, and again I ask reports, either to myself personally or through the columns of the HELPER.

Hillsdale, Mich.

FRANCES STEWART MOSHER,
Sec. of Children's Dept. for the West.

LITTLE LIGHT-BEARERS' CRADLE-ROLL DAY.

THE month of June with its blossoms and fragrance has come again. It is a fitting time for the

"Beautiful buds of life's tender spring,
The blossoms of home, their sweet message to bring"

as they gather for Cradle-Roll day.

Each church should aim to give the little ones the enjoyment and blessings that this occasion offers. While a special day is not generally appointed, it is suggested that Wednesday, June 14, or some day of that week, be observed as Cradle-Roll day this year where convenient. The important thing, however, is not this date, but the observance of some day in June for this event. Be sure to celebrate a Cradle-Roll day! Cradle-Roll committees should provide themselves early with "Suggestions for Little Light-Bearers' Day," which leaflet contains complete directions with simple exercises for the observance of the day (price 15 cents per dozen), and also the leaflet, "The L. L. B's Greeting." The latter is a very unique missionary exercise for eight of the older Little Light-Bearers. Price, 8 copies 12 cents. Plan to have the Cradle-Roll day exercises short and full of life. State plainly at the beginning of the program the object of the Cradle-Roll of Little Light Bearers and its work in the F. B. W. M. Society. A sand or pulp map of Balasore might be used on this occasion with profit and interest to both mothers and children, as it contains a model of Sinclair Orphanage, which is to be the home of the Cradle-Roll children we are to support. The story of the Orphanage briefly told would be helpful. Let the little ones have

time for marching and a few simple games before refreshments are served. Provide refreshments suited for little children. Make the mothers feel at home. Be sure and enroll all the new babies and little ones who are present.

Beautiful mite-boxes have been made especially for this work, which should be given to each child to fill during the year. Price, 46 cents per dozen. Other Little Light-Bearers novelties, such as cradles to hold refreshments, souvenirs, and badges for the day (at 40, 50, and 18 cents per dozen), can be procured and given the children if desired.

If you have no cradle-roll don't miss this fine opportunity for calling the mothers and little ones together for a Cradle-Roll day. Invite every child five years and under in the church and parish, and on this occasion enroll them as Little Light-Bearers. This is a good way to begin the work. Send for an outfit, which costs only 18 cents.

Invite all the interested friends who have no little ones and who wish to enjoy the Cradle-Roll day exercises as onlookers, to be present and leave at least five cents for this privilege. This money will be gladly given and will help defray expenses.

All supplies can be obtained of Mrs. E. H. Roberts, 14 Allen Ave., Pawtucket, R. I. Forward all Cradle-Roll money both for enrolment and that gathered from mite-boxes, directly to Miss L. A. DeMeritte.

E. H. ROBERTS,

Sec. Cradle-Roll Dept. F. B. W. M. S.

OUR KINDERGARTEN WORK IN INDIA.

(Extracts from report of Miss Phillips.)

ON the 10th of March, a year ago, a cablegram reached me containing the one word "New." As a result, what was then a ruin, four bare walls open to the sky, inclosing many tons of debris, with door-frames empty, badly ant-eaten, and with cracked arches over most of them, is to-day a pleasant, comfortable hall, 18 by 50 feet, with thatched roof, cloth ceiling, and eight "new" strong doors and good door-frames. To be sure one wall and the floor are rather badly cracked, but that is a habit Balasore houses have, no matter how much money is put into them.

This hall, which for three months past has been the home of my kindergarten, has a name conferred by its patrons, the young people of Rhode Island ("Rhode Island Kindergarten Hall").

The school came into my hands about the 1st of October, '97, with twelve names enrolled, and the average daily attendance during the six weeks preceding my going to the hills was eleven. During the year '98 we were in the chapel, and hence able to increase our numbers, the average number belonging being

thirty-one and average daily attendance twenty-six and one-half. During the first quarter of '99 the number belonging has been forty-four and average attendance forty.

The outfit brought out by my niece, Miss Beebee Phillips, was intended for a school of two dozen only, so chairs and tables have been supplemented by nice little benches, and tables not quite so nice, made of packing-boxes, the ubiquitous kerosene-oil boxes that come to India by the million from America and Russia, and odds and ends generally. These, however, provide for another dozen only, so when the fourth dozen began to fill in I had three long, thick mats made to order, that have proved invaluable in making it possible to distribute the classes about the room and so distribute the noise! If only the room were as wide as it is long we could have such lovely games. As it is, the space available for games is far too small for forty children to play in, and for a part of them to be playing in such close quarters with others at work would be very distracting to the latter so we have to content ourselves with physical exercises, a little marching and the like, which is doubtless far less disappointing to the children than it would be if they knew the delightful possibilities of a large play-room.

Fully fifty pictures adorn the walls, and as nearly all are distinctly children's pictures they afford a fine opportunity to cultivate language, a thing greatly needed, as most of the children are inclined to give monosyllabic answers to questions asked.

As to the progress made by the children, I certainly am able to note very gratifying advance made by many of them. As a rule they are kind and gentle toward each other, and persistent effort has, I think, nearly rooted out deliberate falsehood from among them, although there is still one child in whom it seems inbred.

As I have the infant department of the Sunday school as well, I am able to insist upon regular attendance there as a condition of membership in the kindergarten. Our people are far too much inclined to laxity and carelessness in sending the little ones to S. S., and thus it transpires that the same irregularity continues as they grow older. This requisition has cut off one or two, but my school is better off without those who would only set an example of utter unreliability. I find this trait runs in certain families, and, rather oftener than otherwise, it is in those whose social position should make them safe examples for others, but unhappily does not.

At present I have three pupil teachers on pay and one without. They have shown real interest in and fondness for their work, and are all spoken of by the children, who are evidently fond of them, as "deedee"—elder sister. Four

days in the week for at least an hour a day, they come for instruction and to help in preparing work for the children.

I have large faith in the possibilities for good of kindergarten work among our native people, and shall be heartily glad to see it in operation in all our stations. When attending the National W. C. T. U. Convention at Madras in December, I was surprised to find that educational work in that presidency is so advanced that the government curriculum for primary schools—even among Hindus—includes kindergarten work, while we in Bengal are but just beginning to give it to our Christian children?

HATTIE P. PHILLIPS.

PUNDITA RAMABAI.

BY MRS. M. M. H. HILLS.

II.

THE terrible famine which ravaged the Madras Presidency and South Maratha country in the years 1876-77, sweeping millions into eternity, found the pilgrim family in extreme povity. Money, jewels, plate, clothing, even their cooking utensils, were all gone. Ramabai was now sixteen years of age, and the day had come when they finished eating their last grain of rice, and death by starvation stared them in the face. After a long discussion of their desperate condition, they concluded that it was better to go into the forest and die there than to bear the disgrace of their poverty among their own people; and that very night they left the sacred town where they were staying, situated on the top of Venkatghiri, and entered the great forest to die there. Eleven days and nights—in which they subsisted on water and leaves and a handful of wild dates—were spent in great bodily and mental pain. "At last," said Ramabai in recounting this agonizing trial, "our dear old father could hold out no longer. The tortures of hunger were too much for his poor, old, weak body, and he determined to drown himself in a sacred tank near by and thus end all his earthly sufferings. It was suggested that the rest of us should either drown ourselves or break the family and go our several ways. To drown one's self in some sacred river or tank is not considered suicide by Hindus, so we felt free to put an end to our lives in that way. Father wanted to drown himself first, so he took leave of all the members of his family one by one. I was his youngest child and my turn came last. I shall never forget his last injunctions. His blind eyes could not see my face, but he held me tight in his arms, and stroking my head and cheeks he told me in a few words broken with emotion to remember how he loved me and how he taught me to do right and never depart from the way of righteousness. His last loving command to me was to live an honorable life, if I lived at all, and serve God all my life. He did not know the only true

God, but served the—to him—unknown God with all his heart and strength, and was very desirous that his children should serve him to the last. ‘Remember, my child,’ he said, ‘you are my youngest, my most beloved child. I have given you into the hands of our God; you are his, and to him alone you must belong and serve all your life.’ He could speak no more.

“My father’s prayers for me were no doubt heard by the all-merciful Heavenly Father, whom the old Hindu did not know. The God of all flesh did not find it impossible to bring me, a great sinner, out of heathen darkness into the saving light of his salvation. I can now say, ‘Yes, dear father, I will serve the only true God to the last.’ But I could not say so when my father spoke to me for the last time. . . . We were after this dismissed from father’s presence; he wanted an hour for meditation and preparation before death.

“But God kept us from the dreadful scene of witnessing the suicide of our beloved father. My brother begged him not to drown himself in the sacred tank, telling him that he would give up all caste pride and go to work to support our old parents, and as he was unable to walk he would carry him down the mountain to the nearest village and then go to work, and so the question was settled that time. We dragged ourselves to the jungle as best we could. It took us two days to come out of the forest to a village at the foot of the mountain, which we reached with great difficulty and took shelter in a temple, but the Brahman priests would not let us stay there, and we were obliged to go out of the village into the ruins of an old temple, where no one but the wild animals dwelt in the night. There we stayed four days. A young Brahman, seeing our helplessness, gave us some food.” Our father could not eat it, soon became unconscious, and died in the morning of the third day. The same kind young Brahman who gave us the food came to our aid. But as he was not sure that we were Brahmans he could not help my brother carry our father’s remains for fear of being put out of caste, but he had the kindness to get a grave dug at his own expense and also to follow the funeral party as far as the river. Father had entered the Sannyasin order, so his body was to be buried in the ground, according to the commands of the Shastras. [As there was no one else who could help carry the dead my brother tied the body in his dhoti, like a bundle, and carried it over two miles to its last resting-place; we sadly following helped a little. So we buried our father away from all human habitation, and returned with heavy hearts to the ruins of the old temple. That same evening our mother was attacked by fever and said she would not live much longer, but we had to leave the place, there was no work to be found and no food to be had. We walked with our sick mother awhile, and then some kind-hearted people gave us a little food and money to pay our fare as far as Raichur. There we stayed

some weeks, unable to leave on account of the illness of our mother. Now and then kind people gave us some food, but our life there was a continuous story of helplessness and starvation. Mother suffered intensely from fever and hunger. We too suffered from hunger and weakness, but the sufferings of our mother seemed more than we could bear. Yet we had to keep still through sheer helplessness. In a few days she became unconscious and died. Her funeral was as sad as that of my father, with the exception that two Brahmans came to help me and my brother carry her body to the burying-ground, about three miles from the town. [Ramabai's low stature compelled the bearing of her share of the burden on her head.]

"My elder sister also died of starvation. During the few months before her death we three traveled on foot from place to place in search of food and work, but could not get much of either. Very often we had to go without food for days. Even when my brother had work to do he got so little wages that we were obliged to live on a handful of grain soaked in water and a little salt."

(To be continued.)

OUR NATIVE PREACHERS.

II.

RAINA MISRA.

BY REV. E. C. B. HALLAM.

RAINA MISRA was a high-caste Brahman. There are many different and totally distinct castes of Brahmans, and the Misras stand very high among them, and to this caste Raina belonged. Misra is a word derived from the Sanscrit, and as a title means "worthy" or "respectable"; but it is also the name by which Egypt is known in India, and Egyptians are called Misras. Query, Did the Misras come originally from Egypt, bringing the worship of the sacred bull with them? Are the Misra Brahmans their descendants?

Raina seems to have been a very devoted Hindu. It was while on a pilgrimage to a Hindu shrine that he first came in contact with the Christian missionary. He first heard the gospel at Jellalore from the lips of Bro. Jeremiah Phillips; he was attracted by it, and gave up his pilgrimage and remained as an inquirer for some months. He then gave evidence of conversion, and was baptized by Bro. Phillips. This was early in 1840.

He very soon entered upon the work of preaching the gospel to his countrymen and was ordained to the work of the ministry in 1847. His appeals to his countrymen were faithful, calm, earnest, and loving.

In 1857, when the writer entered our mission, Raina was working with the brethren at Balasore, where he prosecuted his work vigorously, needing no urging

to duty. Soon after this he was sent back to Jellasore and was associated with the writer every day in his work. In 1859 he was afflicted with a sudden and very serious cold, from which nothing, however, of a serious nature was apprehended; but in the writer's absence at Santipore, whither he had gone to spend a sabbath with the little church there, a native brother who dabbled in native medicines gave him something for the relief of his cold, which brought on a most violent fit of coughing and retching with vomiting. A special messenger was despatched to fetch the missionary, and he and the messenger met on the way, and all haste was made to reach the station; but alas, before this could be accomplished Raina passed away and he found the family weeping over his remains. In our Cyclopedia he is said to have died at Balasore, but that is an error. He died at Jellasore, but the missionary being apprehensive that it was a serious case of malpractice (if not poisoning) sent the corpse in to Balasore for an autopsy.

In the prosecution of his work Raina needed no prodding or urging, as, alas, too many of his successors do, but was always first on the field. How many times the writer has heard him calling to other workers, at the top of his voice, as he passed through the mission compound *en route* to the bazaar, bidding them "Come with haste, it is time for work," rather than to call and gossip at these houses and then take his co-workers with him.

His son, Jacob Misra, is now pastor of our church at Midnapore; a worthy son of a worthy sire.

May the Lord in mercy give us many more Rainas, for they are greatly needed!

WOMAN'S CONVENTION.

OCEAN PARK, AUG. 17-19.

Thursday.

- 8.00 A. M. Devotional. (C.) Led by Miss Laura A. DeMeritte.
- 10.00 Adjourned meeting of Educational Bureau. (C. H.)
- 3.00 P. M. Paper by Mrs. Emma Clark Rand of Lewiston, on "Club Work for Women," followed by discussion.
- 7.30 Lecture. "Harriet Beecher Stowe," by Maria L. Baldwin.

Friday.

- 8.00 A. M. Devotional. (C.) Led by Mrs. Emma E. Lord.
- 10.00 Adjourned meeting of Executive Board of the Free Baptist W. M. S. (C. H.)
- 1.30 P. M. Interpretive reading of scripture. Miss Helen Cole.
- 7.00-9.00 Reception to the Woman's Missionary Society by the Educational Bureau, held in the Temple. All friends are cordially invited to attend.

Saturday.

- 8.00 A. M. Missionary prayer meeting. (C.)
- 3.00 P. M. Model auxiliary meeting. Mrs. Ella H. Andrews, Providence, R. I., presiding.
(Sand-map, photographs, and curios will be on exhibition, and there will be a table of samples of supplies from the Bureau of Missionary Intelligence and Exchange.)
- 7.30 Address, "Life and Work in India," by Miss Edna C. Wile.



from the field.

MRS. SMITH'S LAST DAYS IN INDIA.

DOREMUS HOUSE, 140 DHURRAMTOLLAH ST.,

Feb. 12, 1899.

DEAR FRIENDS:—

We thought you might all like to hear some particulars about Mrs. Smith's last days. After the heavy fever she had at Chandbali she seemed to recover completely, and when we were at Cuttack she said more than once, "I have not felt so free from pain, so well, for months." On the way up to Calcutta *en route* for the yearly meeting at Bhimpore she caught a heavy cold, which settled on her lungs, and when she reached Calcutta she had to go to bed almost immediately with a severe attack of bronchitis. When getting over this a little, so that she could sit up and did not need so much nursing, quite suddenly about four o'clock Monday morning, Jan. 22, she woke with a severe pain in her left side, which proved to be the beginning of a severe attack of pneumonia of the left lung (the bronchitis had been more in the right lung). Saturday, Sunday, and Monday nights she passed through the crisis, the

watchers hardly expecting she would live from one hour to another. After this she got a little better, the distressing symptoms were relieved somewhat, and she could lie on the right side, the breathing was easier and less hurried, and she could sleep a good deal. But as the days went by there was no marked improvement, no sign of recuperation. For about a week she remained the same, not suffering, taking her food and medicine willingly and digesting it all, but gaining no strength. Then the temperature began to be a little higher, the restlessness increased, and the doctor told us the pneumonia was spreading to parts that had been free from it. Her mind began to wander a little at times, and later she could not speak the word she wanted, but knew at once when it was suggested to her. One of these days, when we had been vainly trying to guess what she wanted was that was distressing her so much, Rachel suggested it, and she said, "Why, yes, of course. Why didn't you say that before?"

She remembered the day of the week, and once when we told her Mr. Jordan of the English Baptist Mission had called, but she was asleep so he did not see her, she said, "He came twice before, this is the third time."

A little later the speech became indistinct, and it was with great difficulty we could understand what she was trying to say. Rachel would often catch her meaning when we could not.

About this time she began to object to taking medicine and food, but the argument that never failed with her was that if she did not she could not get well and strong so as to go back to Balasore. The whole force of her strong will seemed to be concentrated on getting well. But as she got weaker and the breathing was more hurried and the fever higher we could not help feeling very doubtful of the possibility of recovery.

Friday the 10th she was so much worse that the doctor gave up all hope. Mr. Jordan came over and talked and prayed with her, and though she could not speak we knew by her keeping quiet and listening that she heard and understood. Later when something seemed to be distressing her very much, and she tried again and again to speak, Miss Butts prayed with her and spoke sweet words of comfort, and after that she was more quiet. Friday evening she could still understand when we spoke to her, though we could see that the mind was more and more obscured. At midnight a change came over her face, and half an hour later she breathed her last. Whatever medical skill could suggest or love think of was done for her, but her age and the severe sicknesses that had so recently sapped her strength were against her.

Lieut-Surgeon Col. Murray was untiring in his ministrations, coming to see her once or twice a day as he felt necessary, doing all in his power to save the precious life. Dr. Harriss, the head of the Calcutta Medical college, who was

called in consultation, concurred with Dr. Murray's diagnosis and treatment, commending the latter particularly.

Miss Jessie Hooper, who happened to be in Calcutta, came in to help us on Friday, and was with us when Mrs. Smith passed away. And she rendered valuable assistance in the after ministrations. As we washed and dressed the body the flush of fever, the look of pain, the lines of anxiety and thought faded gradually from the face, and the majesty of death rested on the calm features. She looked younger and fairer.

The undertaker came in the morning, and not long after noon brought the coffin in. It was black outside but lined with white. We had dressed her in white and put a white cap on the head. Friends brought white flowers, and the effect was of pureness and whiteness. I wish words could give you any idea of how grand and peaceful she looked as she lay in the midst of so much whiteness, the hands that have worked so much and so hard resting at last, the busy brain with its many plans still, the tired body that had suffered so much free from all weariness forever.

At four Mr. Jordan came, and a few friends gathered together in the chamber of death and a short service was held. Then the dainty handkerchief covering the face was removed and we took a last look at the calm, peaceful face. Poor Rachel could hardly look for grief. Silently and quickly five bare-footed men in white came in, put on the lid and screwed it down, and lifting the coffin on their shoulders carried it down stairs and put it in the hearse. The burial took place in the Lower Circular Road burying-ground, a large, beautiful cemetery with so many evergreens and other trees and flowering-plants that it seemed like a garden. And here was laid away Mrs. Dorcas Smith, who for so many years has stood to us for so much that was capable, energetic, good, methodical, untiring, helpful.

This would hardly be complete without a mention at least of Rachel's loving devotion. No daughter could have been more untiring, gentle, loving, patient, painstaking, responding to every demand, cheerfully sacrificing sleep and food and every convenience, insisting on sleeping as near the sick bed as possible, that she would the quicker be by Mrs. Smith's side when wanted. Thursday night and Friday we could not get her to take any rest, and though worn out with grief and watching we could hardly get her to lie down a little while Friday night. We had her take her place as one of the "chief mourners," knowing how deeply she feels the loss of one who as she says has been more than a mother to her.

Very sincerely yours,

M. W. BACHELER.

"STRONG judgment is a strong friend."

CALCUTTA, Feb. 13, 1899.

DEAR FRIENDS :—

Dr. Mary wants me to write something in addition to what she has already written about Mrs. Smith's last days, but she has written so fully there seems little more to be said. You all know the circumstances which made it seem best for me to come here to nurse her as soon as I arrived. I came on Jan. 4 and was with her until the end, with the exception of four days, when I went to Midnapore for a little rest and to get necessary clothing, all my trunks having been shipped to Midnapore before I learned that I was to remain here.

Mrs. Smith arrived here very ill Dec. 27. A professional nurse, a sweet Christian woman, took care of her until I came. This nurse staid with her the night after my arrival. The acute stage of her disease had passed and it was considered quite safe to allow an unprofessional to care for her. Rachel Das, who has so often cared for Mrs. Smith during her long illnesses, arrived from Balasore the same day I came, and her efficient aid has been invaluable. She understood and relieved many of Mrs. Smith's wants better than any one else could do.

For some days after I came Mrs. S. was not allowed to see any one except her regular attendants. Miss Gardner, the superintendent of the Zenana Mission Home where Mrs. S. was ill, came in every day to speak a cheerful word and relieve the monotony of the sick room. As Mrs. S. gained slowly the doctor gave permission for her to see a few friends. Mrs. Apjohn had been constant in making kind inquiries and offers of assistance. She called several times; the last time, the evening of the 22d, Mrs. Smith talked with her about going home to America. She had quite made up her mind to go in the spring if she got strong enough to undertake the journey. Mr. Apjohn was to make inquiries as to the best steamer accommodations, rates, etc.

We had no idea what caused the new and fatal complication in her disease. She herself never suggested any possible reason for it. She was by no means discouraged about her condition, seeming to feel certain of eventually getting better. On the 23d the doctor said I must have more help in caring for Mrs. S., and proposed trying to secure another professional nurse. The one who had been with her had left town. I told him of Dr. Nellie Phillips, who was in town, and he said she ought to be even better than a nurse. She came at once and remained until Feb. 6. In the meantime Miss Barnes, Miss Coombs, and Mrs. Burkholder were in Calcutta and assisted us very much in watching and nursing by day and by night. It was while they were all here to assist Dr. Nellie that I went to Midnapore.

Dr. Mary came on Saturday the 4th inst. I had brought a native Christian woman, Surjee from Bhimpore, back with me, and she was a great help, saving us

many steps and much hard work. Food, stimulant, or medicine had to be given every hour, day or night, unless the patient were sleeping, and one of us always sat beside the bed to fan her gently and to watch the first sign of waking that food or medicine might be given without delay.

Miss Hooper had been in town several days and wished much to help us, but it was not considered wise to allow any new attendant. The last night, however, when we felt sure it could make no difference to Mrs. Smith who sat beside her, we sent for Miss Hooper, knowing she would esteem it a privilege to be present during the last hours of one she held so dear.

During the early evening hours Mrs. Smith was very restless, frequently turning from side to side and breathing painfully. She could not speak, did not apparently attempt to do so, nor did she open her eyes. She could still swallow, and nourishment and stimulant were given with a teaspoon at short intervals. About nine o'clock she turned, with our help, on her right side, and soon seemed to sleep. Her breathing became quiet and she was apparently free from suffering. She never moved again, passing away, as Mary has written, about 12.30.

Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Brown arrived in time to take a place in the procession as it left the Home. (Mr. Sykes had sent them notice. They arrived in town the day before.) Later Mrs. Boyer Sunder, who had been misinformed as to the hour of the service at the Home, overtook and joined the procession. She had just arrived in town.

Of course had Mrs. Smith been in her own home she would have had some conveniences which she missed here, but nothing essential to her comfort was lacking. Miss Gardner cheerfully gave up the whole west side of the second floor to Mrs. Smith and attendants—two ladies who had been occupying the rooms also kindly and cheerfully moving to other apartments.

Throughout the long, trying weeks of illness Miss Gardner, Miss Hatchell, Miss Smith, Miss Cockburn, and others of the ladies in the Home were ever ready to assist in any possible way. Miss Hatchell was with us during Mrs. Smith's last hours. These ladies had been friends of Mrs. Smith for many years, Miss Hatchell being an intimate friend.

Tommy (a native Christian who for twenty years has been "head man" at the Home, a sort of manager, having oversight of all the other servants and charge of the household belongings, etc.) was very helpful, doing everything he could to help us. All needed supplies were ordered and obtained through him. He was very careful to see that the broths and other food were promptly and properly prepared.

The last day or two he several times assisted in moving Mrs. Smith, he

could do it much more easily than we could. Every one was kind and helpful, and we all owe a debt of gratitude to Miss Gardner and the inmates of the Home generally for their kindness and loving sympathy.

It may be that some of you may think we should have taken Mrs. Smith's body to Balasore for interment. When Mrs. S. became worse on Jan. 23, the possibility of being obliged to attend to arrangements in case of her death made me anxious to consult Mr. Coldren before he left town. I did so, and he did not think it at all wise or practicable to take her body to Balasore. I mentioned the matter to Miss Barnes, who said she thought Mrs. S. had given up the hope of being buried beside her husband, since government had prohibited interments in the churchyard where he was buried.

Dr. Mary mentioned the subject to Miss Gardner and to Dr. Murray, neither of whom approved the suggestion of attempting what would involve so much trouble and expense. As for myself, after my interview with Mr. Coldren, who told me to apply at once to Mr. Apjohn in case of need, I considered the matter settled and had no anxiety about it. Had Mrs. Smith expressed any wish about this we should have tried to carry it out.

Very sincerely yours,

ELLA M. BUTTS.

"Bronchial pneumonia" was what the doctors called the last stage of Mrs. Smith's illness.

SCRAPS FROM PRIVATE LETTERS.

Miss SCOTT writes :

"I have assigned a teacher to the three young people in Rhode Island. Her name is Gona, and I have written a little about her and her work to the address you gave. Have also written about Rhoda, the name of the one assigned to the auxiliary in Minneapolis.

"I am glad that one and another are coming forward to take the responsibility of supporting a widow, for, although the number is not large yet, they will be coming in gradually. The woman I brought with me from Calcutta can do hemstitched handkerchiefs very well, and I have had orders for a number, so in that way she helps support herself. We think that she might learn kindergarten, so after Miss Phillips returns she is to take her and teach her, or at least try her ; as for the others, they are busy working at the buildings. There is much that the poor class of women in India can do in that way. One of them is rather a good cook and servant in general, so I am paying her to help me. In one way or another I shall try to employ all who come here, as I quite agree with you that to help a person to self-support is to help them to self-respect."

Dr. Mary Bachelor writes :

"The Sunday we were in Chandbali I went to the Telegu S. S. in the forenoon. There are several Telegu settlements about Chandbali, and in this one there is a day school on week days and a Sunday school on Sundays. So many of the children were down with fever that only a few were present, but they answered well, making up in quality what was lacking in quantity.

"There was a preaching service and a large S. S., which were held in and about the schoolhouse. This was made up of Hindu schools in or near Chandbali, and a class of Christian girls. Mr. Coldren asked me to speak to them. I had thought of giving a gospel talk, but, finding they were using the International S. S. lessons, I talked about the subject of the day instead, so as not to multiply subjects but rather intensify the impression made. The children answered well, though I talked in Bengali, and repeated texts that I called for. I should think there were forty or fifty present. They knew some hymns to English tunes and in these Mrs. Lougher led them with her violin. (I had flitting dreams of her and her violin in Midnapore—several in which she led the singing of the children's meeting, and one in which our native Christian people were shown what music is.) In the evening there was an English service and Mr. Lougher gave us a sermon which was helpful, not so much because it was profound or learned or scientific, as for the sweet, loving, Christian spirit in every sentence—you felt he was a godly man. May the dear Lord abundantly bless them both in their chosen field.

"That was Sunday. One day there was a temperance meeting and Mrs. Coldren asked me to talk to the women. She had a meeting for them in which she had a lesson from the regular course laid out for them, and then there was a prayer meeting.

"Mr. Coldren gathered the native Christians together every morning early for a prayer meeting. I was not down to it, but heard the singing and the voice of prayer. Mr. C. thinks this meeting is very helpful. Since I left the two gentlemen have been out into the country for a little tour, and Mr. Lougher wrote Mrs. L. that he was in a high fever to talk. Their enthusiasm is refreshing and does us old workers good. Long may it survive the wear and tear of mission work!

"I think they will make a success of Oriya. Mr. L. takes off his coat and goes at it as if he were chopping wood and must finish a certain amount; and she pronouncing the strange, difficult sounds, ventures on them as daintily as pussy crossing a wet floor! They will get out among the people more by and by, and learn to connect the characters in the book and the new, strange sounds with actual living facts. . . .

"I believe most thoroughly in the seashore for May holiday, and recommend it to everyone. My ten days at Satbhaya last hot weather did me more good I believe than a month at Darjeeling. I never enjoyed a vacation more than this one. The Wymans and I talk about it yet, and always with the same sense of pleasure. I often think of the sea, which never failed to charm and interest, and which I was never tired of watching, the walks along the beach, the baths, the brisk, cheerful breeze blowing always, sometimes gently, but usually a baby gale; the attempts at tennis, the long talks, the stories, and all the varied

experiences of those delightful ten days, that were doing me even more good than I knew. . . .

"My beloved bicycle is a constant source of pleasure. How I did miss it while away! The day I got back I did twelve miles—down to Burra Bazaar and back, to the ghat and home by the Judge's compound, and after dinner Nellie and I went out to see Jacob, and the moonlight was so delightful and the roads so good we went round the jungle road! . . . We had a good yearly meeting, as you will have heard ere this. There were twenty-five of us, counting the children, who came to the table. Mrs. Hamlen has a little one of six months. You will wonder how the twenty-five guests were accommodated at meals. Dr. Burkholder made tables down the two sides of the middle room and across the south end, the long arms seating nine each and the connecting arm seven. Mrs. Burkholder and I sat in the middle of the cross table and watched the kits in the hollow of the square, where Miss Wile's round table was placed. One night old Ali Bux got a dish of cabbage in each hand and passed first one and then the other to Mrs. Coldren, and was going on so when it was explained to him, and it took him so long to understand there was quite a congestion of kits in the corner. Nanie Burkholder and Marguerite Lougher had grand times together until the constant racing about in the sun day and night—as her father put it—gave Nanie fever and sore throat. The two little girls seem to enjoy every moment and haven't had a jar yet.

"Who are the twenty-five? Well, beginning at the northwest corner, Mr. Ager, Miss Landes. Mr. Wyman, Mrs. Hamlen, Nellie, Mr. Rae, Hattie, Mrs. Lougher, Dr. Burkholder. On the end, Arthur Coldren, Mrs. Coldren, I, Mrs. Burkholder, Mr. Coldren, Miss Barnes, Mr. Lougher. On the other long arm Baby Wyman, Mrs. Wyman, Priya, Mrs. Ager, Vina, Avery Hamlen, Mr. Hamlen, then Nanie Burkholder and Marguerite. How does Mrs. Burkholder feed us all? Finely!

"We had only twelve bicycles on the veranda! If Vina had taken hers and Mrs. Lougher and Marguerite had had theirs, there would have been fifteen. We had a short visit from Mr. Bruges, the S. S. man, which was pleasant. When he returned Miss Landes and Dr. Nellie came with him, as Miss Landes wanted to join her camping party, and Dr. Nellie was going to Allahabad to C. E. convention where she had the privilege of hearing Mr. Meyer."

Miss Landes [supported by the Church of God] writes from Lawada to a fellow worker:

"So much work to be done and so many attentive listeners! Truly the harvest is great and the laborers few in this part of the world as elsewhere. I would that every capable native Christian might give himself to the work of making Christ known to the people. Our week here is almost completed, so we must move on. The workers seem in good cheer and have worked well. There was market two days; it is rather a large market, so afforded good opportunity. Many books have been sold and our tract supply is almost exhausted. I have written to the Bible House for a fresh supply. O, how I would like to have you with us! but I feel sure you are praying for the work, and ask that you will continue to do so."

TREASURER'S NOTES.

My attention has been called to some apparent omissions in the "F. B. Register" of 1899. As a result certain places do not get proper credit. As there may be others similarly situated, I will explain the cause of these seeming omissions. The credits in the "Register" by the F. B. Woman's Missionary Society are made up from the monthly receipts in the *Morning Star*, and if a credit appears in the *Star* which has no corresponding place in the "Register," there is nothing to do but put the amount into the miscellaneous column. Take, for instance, Ocean Park, Me.; there is no church at O. P., and so it does not appear in the "Register." Any credit in the receipts of the W. M. S. to Ocean Park must of course be put into the miscellaneous department. The same is true of the credits to the auxiliary of North Lebanon, Me. In all such cases, if parties contributing to our work wish proper credit in the "Register," care must be taken in forwarding money to the treasury to specify the church as given in the "Register."

June, the month of birds and flowers, is most appropriate for the Children's Day month. I hope the program in the May issue of the MISSIONARY HELPER for a missionary concert will be used at that time. And don't forget a collection for Miss Barnes's salary. It would be a very nice thing to do to divide the collection between the salary of Miss Barnes and the principal of Storer college. This collection can be used toward a share in each of these salaries, and the share in Miss Barnes's salary can be enrolled \$4 for a share. If the collection is not enough to pay for a full share, it will be enrolled just the same, provided the balance is paid within the year. I hope after Children's Day the Roll of Honor will be largely increased.

Letters this month from New Hampshire speak tenderly of the loss of the state treasurer, Mrs. Elizabeth Blake Keith. I have known her as a friend for several years, and so I realize how much the W. M. S. has lost. She was an intelligent and consecrated young woman. The state needs another like her.

We cordially welcome the young people of the Chicago church to our work, as we do the Junior C. E. Society of the F. B. church of St. John West, New Brunswick, and the children's mission band of Limerick, Me. All contribute to the salary of Miss Barnes, and the juniors of St. John to the Golden Memorial in addition. This gift brings to mind my pleasant visit to St. John, and the dear young people whom I met. We should be pleased if other juniors in New Brunswick would take shares in Miss Barnes's salary.

Thank-offering services began the last sabbath in April, as Ocean Park observed it on that day, and the early spring flowers added their contribution of thanksgiving and praise. Your treasurer began her thankfulness at that time and hopes to end it (?) at Storer college the last sabbath in May, attending several services in the mean time. But who that has confidence in a Father's love can help being thankful these beautiful spring days and all days? May the joy in him continue the whole year.

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treas.*

Ocean Park, Me. (All money orders should be payable in Dover, N. H.)

Helps for Monthly Meetings.

TOPICS FOR 1899.

June—Mission Work of Free Baptists.

July—Cuba and the Philippines.

August—Missionary Garden Party.

September—Hawaii.

October—Roll-call and Membership Meeting.

November—Bible Study and Missionary Literature.

December—Christmas : Its Significance to the World.

JULY { "THE CHILDREN." "CUBA AND THE PHILIPPINES."

SUGGESTIVE PROGRAM.

I.

Children are what the mothers are.—*Landor.*

Singing, "Scattering Precious Seed." ("Songs of the Soul," No. 53.)

Scripture reading, 1 Sam. 3.

Prayer for the children, and for divine leading of mothers and teachers of the little ones.

Brief talks, by different members, on "Our Kindergarten Work in India!" "Mission Bands," "The Cradle-Roll."

Discussion, How can we work for these departments more effectively?

Appointment of a Cradle-Roll superintendent or committee, if none has already been appointed.

II.

Singing, "Tell the Story of His Love." ("Songs of the Soul," No. 43.)

Responsive Reading, Ps. 96.

A few facts about Cuba and the Philippines—previous to their possession by the United States—by two members.

Latest news from the islands—gleaned by all from current periodicals and newspapers—with discussion.

Prayer for the speedy releasing of Cuba and the Philippines from cruel conditions imposed by any nation; for the permanent uplift and prosperity of the people; and for loving, consecrated, broad-minded workers to go among them.

NOTE.—*The American Monthly Review of Reviews* for March, '99, contains various suggestive articles, including "The People of the Philippines," "The Condition of Porto Rico," "Cuban Leaders in Reconstruction," and items in "The Progress of the World." The February number contains articles upon "The Character of the Cuban People," "Our Work in Cuba," and "Aguinaldo; a Character sketch." They can be obtained for 25 cents each of The Review of Reviews Co., 13 Astor Place, N. Y.

CUBA AND THE PHILIPPINES.

(A few facts gathered from *The Missionary Review of the World*.)

CUBA is about 760 miles in length; and the breadth at the narrowest part, near Havana, is from 30 to 36 miles; at the widest part in the east, 125 miles. The area is 45,000 square miles, or about equal to that of Pennsylvania. Cuba, in form a thin, irregular crescent, has a coast-line of 2200 miles. About half of the north coast is open, and an equal portion of the south, affording many fine harbors capable of easy defense. The country is in general mountainous, and the mountains give the varieties of climate and products which make portions of Cuba remarkable. The rivers are many rather than large. The lakes are few and mostly near the coast in proximity to the great marshes or everglades. The lowlands and rolling slopes worn from the mountain chains compose four-fifths of the area of Cuba, and the rich soil makes the productive capacity of incalculable value. Two crops of cereals are often obtained in the same year. Considering its tropical position, the climate is mild. The seasons are divided into the dry and rainy, the latter extending from May to November. January is the coldest month, August the warmest. The dry season is delightful, and the hottest period is redeemed by refreshing ocean breezes. North winds prevail, the annual rainfall is forty inches, and hurricanes are not infrequent. The foliage is green at all seasons. Rich ore deposits exist. Copper, bituminous coal, marble, gold, and iron are found. The great wealth, however, is in the agricultural products, chief of which are sugar, tobacco, and coffee. The first sugar plantation was established in 1595, but the industry did not assume importance until the present century. Almost all the tropical fruits grow freely, as the pineapple, orange, plantain, banana, fig, and pomegranate. The dense, uncleared—13,000,000 acres—abound in valuable woods, including mahogany, ebony, cedar, and granadillo. There are over thirty species of palms and 3350 indigenous flowering plants besides those introduced from Europe. The communications are poor, whether by road, rail, or boat. Outside the cities the universal passenger vehicle is the "volante," a two-seated carriage swung low by leather straps from the axle of two large wheels, with shafts fifteen feet long. The shaft horse is led by a postilion, whose horse is also harnessed to the carriage with traces.

Each of the six provinces bears the same name as the chief city, and is divided into judicial districts. The provinces are Pinar del Rio, Havana, Matanzas, Santa Clara, Puerto Principe, and Santiago de Cuba. There are one hundred and twelve cities and towns on the island. Havana, the capital and only city of any considerable size, has a fluctuating population commonly put at 200,000.

There is flagrant desecration of the sabbath in Cuba. Catholicism is the accepted religion, and it is only a few years ago that liberty of worship was granted by the revised Spanish constitution, consequently Protestantism has made little progress. Beginnings have been made. The Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Episcopalians are represented by mission stations. A good work has been done by the distribution of the scriptures and gospel tracts. Now the door is wide open, but as far as possible Cubans should be employed as missionaries to their countrymen. There is a strong sentiment of fellowship in the Cuban mind, and patriotic ambitions in which no foreigner can fully share.

THE PHILIPPINES.

The Philippine Islands lie wholly within the tropics. Big and little they number some six hundred, varying in size from Luzon, with its 40,000 square miles, to tiny islets. The islands are in most instance of volcanic origin. Destructive eruptions have occurred within recent times, while earthquakes are frequent and often of great violence. The climate is intensely hot. There are four months of rain, four of sun, and two months of variable weather at each change of the monsoons. Revolving storms of great magnitude and frightful violence occur at certain seasons.

The tropical scenery in the forests of this archipelago is of unusual splendor, the heat and moisture combining to produce vegetation of magnificence which beggars description. Gigantic trees, towering to a height of two or three hundred feet, are festooned with graceful rattans, beautiful ferns, and exquisite orchids, while underneath splendid tree-ferns rear their lovely heads thirty or forty feet into the air.

The population of the islands is estimated at from eight to ten millions. The natives are divided into something like two hundred tribes, each with its peculiar dialect and customs. With the single exception of the Negritos, these tribes are of Malay extraction. The latter people are a race of dwarfish blacks, commonly believed to be the aborigines of the islands. A more degraded race could hardly be conceived. They wander through the forests and live on whatever they can pick from the trees or dig from the ground. The tribes of Malay origin vary in their development from a state of savagery to civilization. Extreme poverty is the rule among the civilized natives, and its cause is found in the heavy burden of taxation imposed upon them by their Spanish masters. Every person over eighteen years of age is required to procure annually a document of identification, the charge for which varies from \$1.50 to \$25, according to the means of the applicant. The average native has little opportunity to work for hire, and if he succeeds in getting employment his wages are often not more than five cents per day. In addition to this personal tax there is a tax on nearly

everything that he uses, and he frequently spends his life in ineffectual attempts to meet the obligations thus imposed. If the enormous sum thus raised were expended even in part in the improvement of the colony there might be some justification for its collection, but the most of it finds its way into the pockets of Spanish officials. While they fatten, the natives are left to die like cattle, if epidemic disease breaks out among them, or to starve if their crops fail.

There are as a rule no roads worthy of the name. There is no justice, except for those able to pay liberally for it, and, worst of all, there is no opportunity for education except in one or two of the largest cities, and even there the facilities offered are very poor. Delinquent tax-payers are treated with utmost severity. The first step is to strip them to the waist, tie them to a bench or post, and beat them unmercifully. Even women are subjected to this treatment. All of the civilized natives are adherents of the Catholic faith. There is not a Protestant minister in the islands [July, '98]. Were one to attempt to work in the provinces he would be likely to encounter conditions not conducive to longevity. A few years ago the British and Foreign Bible Society sent there a colporteur and a converted priest. The priest was killed, the Bible confiscated, and the colporteur was obliged to flee for his life. The great power in every native village is the *padre* or village friar. He is regarded with reverential awe by the native members of his flock, who kiss his hands whenever he appears in public, and obey implicitly his every order. In spite of their vows of poverty and chastity two or three of these orders of friars constitute the wealthiest as well as the most shameful class in the islands.

All in all, it can hardly be said that the lot of the Philippine native is a happy one. He constantly chafes under his burden, while the half-castes, with their greater sensitiveness and superior intelligence, are perpetually boiling with more or less well-concealed fury. Naturally the Philippine native is a peaceable, easy-going fellow. Under a decent form of government he would give little trouble. No one familiar with the conditions can doubt that Spanish rule has been a curse to these islands.

COMING CONVENTIONS.

CONVENTIONS at Ocean Park, Me., beginning in July, which include the Woman's Convention, Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, Aug. 17-19.

There will be in Hillsdale, Mich., during the first ten days of September, the Annual Meeting of the United Society of Free Baptist Young People, meetings of the Conference Board, and of the Woman's Missionary Society.

The Annual Meeting of the Woman's Missionary Society will be held in Portland, Me., early in October. Further announcements will be made.

Practical Christian Living.

Practical Christian living is "to condense and crystallize into the uses of daily life the teachings of Christ."

THE STILL HOUR.

"Lo! amid the press,

The whirl and hum and pressure of my day,
I hear Thy garments sweep, thy seamless dress;
And close beside my work and weariness
Discern thy precious form, not far away,
But very near, O Lord, to help and bless.

"The busy fingers fly, the eyes may see
Only the glancing needle which they hold,
But all my life is blossoming inwardly,
And every breath is like a litany;
While through each labor, like a thread of gold,
Is woven the sweet consciousness of thee!"

He shall call upon me and I will answer him.—PS. 91: 15.

WHEN you were very ill, one time, do you remember how you used to call in the night to the dear one in the next room, and how swiftly she heard and answered? Perhaps she was asleep, worn out with long-continued watching and care; but it seemed as though her spirit was always awake, and almost before you were aware of it she was by your side, ready to minister to you in any way you might need. It was no grudging service she gave. In spite of the limitations of the flesh, it was heart-service to the end. How well you understood, for had not you—that other time—given the same to her? Was not even her restlessness or faintest sigh like a call to be answered with, "Do you want anything, dear?" And when your strength began to waver under the weight of its burdens, your only prayer was, "Heavenly Father, give me strength for all her need of me; do not let me fail her."

And yet we who trust our own so fully in spite of their weakness, we who are so tender of our own in spite of our limitations, doubt our Heavenly Father, in whom we live and move and have our being. Again and again he has promised that if we will call upon him he will answer us. If we fail to do so we must doubt either his ability or his willingness. Or are we so short-sighted and dull of comprehension that the human love conceals instead of reveals the divine?

Behind the human tenderness, shining through it and beyond it, is the divine tenderness—with infinite strength, infinite power, infinite resources. Can we not see it, feel it, just as it is?

Are you lonely, dear heart, with a loneliness that presses upon you like pain?

Call to Him who has said, "I am with you always." Are you afraid? Call to Him who is your "refuge and fortress," and "thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night, nor for the arrow that flieth by day." Are you perplexed, not knowing which way to turn? Call to Him, for "he shall give his angels charge over thee, to keep thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands, lest thou dash thy foot against a stone." Are you tempted? Call upon Him who knoweth our frame" and "remembereth that we are dust," whose only-begotten Son was "tempted like as we are," who promises, "I will deliver." Are you ill? Read the ninety-first psalm and the fifty-eighth chapter of Isaiah, and rest in his presence and his promises until you are made whole here or hereafter. Are you in trouble? "Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him." "I found trouble and sorrow. Then called I upon the name of the Lord," and he "delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling." Do you long for a wider vision and a deeper comprehension of life and truth? "Call unto Me and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things, which thou knowest not."

Shall we call upon Him to be with us in loneliness, to hush our fears, direct our steps, shield us from temptation, heal our diseases, comfort us in trouble, open our understanding, and yet give nothing in return? It is not a question of debt and credit. It is simply in the nature of the case that we are not in a condition* to receive all that he would lavish upon us, if we are not eager to respond to his call with, "Here am I." We understood and accepted that other dear one's ministrations because of our mutual love which made them possible. Our Heavenly Father cannot do all for us alone, and it is beautiful to know that it takes our responsiveness and our own glad service to complete and perfect his work.

"Speak to Him, thou, for he hears, and spirit with spirit can meet—
Closer is he than breathing, and nearer than hands and feet."

LESSONS FROM DAILY LIFE.

V.

BY MRS. H. P. CHAMBERLIN.

Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it.—PROV. 22: 6.

DEAR EDITOR :—Your invitation to furnish a lesson from life for the *HELPER* is accepted with pleasure; all the more because it will give me an opportunity to speak a word to young mothers, a word I have often wished I could speak to every young mother in the land.

You will, on reading the inclosed, suspect at once that my early life was spent under the strictest puritanic discipline, for so it was. The one thing I

remember best in connection with my earliest childhood days is the nursery hymn entitled, "Dr. Watts's Cradle Hymn," which my mother used to sing while rocking my baby brothers and sister to sleep ; it was the one commencing :

" Hush ! my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed !
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head."

The result of my listening to it was an introduction to the dear Saviour as early in life as my memory goes back, and that was before I was three years old.

I cannot remember when I did not through my mother's influence and training, know all about the coming of the Saviour, the circumstances under which he came, the purpose of his advent into the world, and just what my life must be, to secure and retain him for my friend and my Saviour. If young mothers would in this or some similar way speak the name of Jesus to their children almost in infancy, the sound would very soon attract their listening ears, and they would soon want to know why this spotless babe had to lie in a manger, where the horned oxen fed, and why his softest bed was hay ; so that in very early life they would begin to contrast their own surroundings with those of the Saviour.

I remember how on tiptoe I used to peep into the upper drawer of my mother's bureau, which contained the soft flannels, the beautifully embroidered garments of cambrics, muslins, and laces for baby wear, all of immaculate whiteness. Ah, how sharply these contrasted with the surroundings of the dear Saviour when in infancy.

I earnestly wish that all young mothers would more fully realize the responsibility resting upon them to train their precious ones for pure and holy lives, instead of trusting them to servants. Beginning thus early they would be prepared to take up Christian work intelligently.

I will speak of one other thing, and that is the growing tendency to not take children to the morning sabbath service, but to Sunday school only. We sometimes hear mothers say that their children get too tired if confined in church and Sunday school also. Well, suppose they do get a little tired and uneasy by keeping quiet an hour or a little more. I have never known any thing serious to result from it. I have known children that commenced to attend morning service, Sunday school, and afternoon service when only three years of age and were not harmed in the least by it ; but who seemed when very young to think they were a part of the church, and were ready and expecting to assume responsible positions in church work, and were among the first to respond to the financial calls of the church. So, dear young mothers, be faithful to the trust committed to your care, sow beside all waters, and yours will be a rich harvest.

Dover, N. H.

VI.

LESSONS FROM A BEAUTIFUL LIFE.

BY MRS. EVA L. DENNETT.

In this pen-picture of my mother, Mrs. Zintha S. Lovejoy, I have attempted to trace the outlines in as true a light as possible, giving especial attention to her most expressive features. She was a quiet woman but somehow she had a powerful influence on others.

Nature endowed her with the sunny, hopeful temperament. The darkest cloud had always for her its silver lining. Good cheer radiated from her like the sunshine. In the very saddest experiences of her life there seemed to be ever the dawning of a brighter and better day. During her last days she would often say, "I should like to live a little longer, life is made so pleasant for me; but it is all right, I know, for such a peace and joy fill my soul."

Another glance reveals the unselfishness of her character. Her whole thought and interest seemed to be for the welfare and happiness of others. It was this missionary spirit, united with earnest piety, which enriched her whole life, and made it a blessing to others. This little mission band, of which she was the beloved and honored leader for nearly a quarter of a century, can never forget her loving, faithful service and her fervent prayers.

And now let us take one more look at memory's picture. Charity—nature's crowning gift—never failed her. I cannot recall an instance in which she did not see the good rather than the evil in her fellow beings. The injured party always found in her a firm and brave defender. It seemed impossible for her to believe that one meant wrong, even if he did wrong. I well remember her speaking of a personal matter which was grievous to her. "But I have forgiven it long ago," she said, "and shall harbor it no more."

Lest the touch of affection may seem to have given the dear features too bright a coloring, let us turn to another likeness by a lifelong friend, and one whose ability to judge of the finer shades of human character is rarely excelled: "Dear Mrs. Lovejoy is one of the cherished friends whose memory will never cease to influence me. How distinctly I can see her now in my mind, as she rises in the little prayer meeting at Unity to give her earnest testimony. I can see her too pausing in her household duties to speak a cheering word—a word always accompanied by a smile that made her whole face beautiful. I think of her as one who helped to smooth rough pathways, and whose love, patience, and faith, both in God and her fellow-beings were constant and helpful to all about her. Hers is one of the very few faces that I can remember with perfect distinctness—one of the few too that literally shone with the light that illuminates only the faces of those who pray. She was nearest and dearest to her children, but she will always be lovingly remembered by all who were so favored as to know her."

Pascoag, R. I.

AMONG OUR BOOKS.

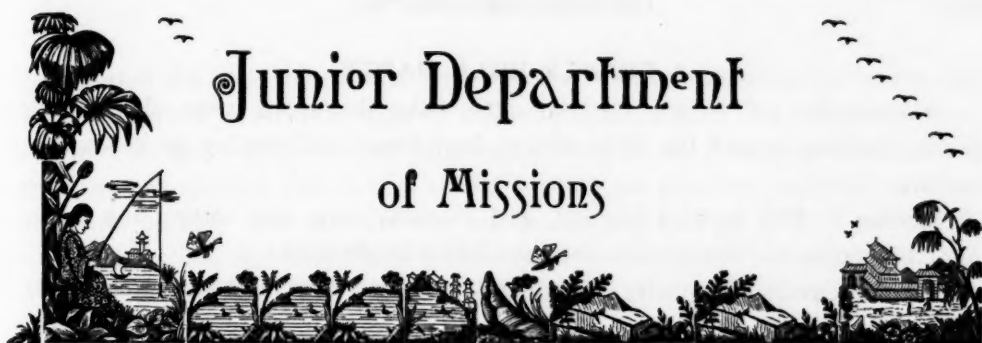
Except a living man, there is nothing more wonderful than a book!—*Kingsley*.

Chundra Lela, the Converted Fakir. By Mrs. Ada Lee. 93 pp., profusely illustrated. Price, cloth, 50 cents; paper, 25 cents. Apply to Mrs. Fannie L. Sperry, Mt. Lake Park, Garrett Co., Md.

We have so often heard our missionaries speak of Chundra Lela and her remarkable history, that we welcome this story of her life with a peculiarly friendly interest. The author, who has been with and studied the people of India for twenty years, gathered all the facts from personal experience and from the lips of Chundra Lela herself. The whole story is one of intense interest, and will give the reader an insight into the hollowness, corruption, and utter hopelessness of Hinduism. It will be valuable to auxiliaries, young people's societies, and mission bands, for its illustrations, as well as for the sketch of the customs and habits of the Bengali people, descriptions of the principal temples of India, and a recital of the stories of the gods as believed by millions of their worshippers. We heartily recommend the book to our auxiliaries. It is fitting that the biographies of Chundra Lela and Dr. Phillips should be noted at the same time, since he had such a powerful influence upon her life, and the facts are referred to in both volumes.

Dr. J. L. Phillips, Missionary to the Children of India. A Biographical Sketch by His Widow. Completed and edited by W. J. Wintle. 264 pp. Illustrated. Sold by the Morning Star Publishing House, Boston. Price, \$1.

The life of James Liddell Phillips has almost a pathetic interest to the reader, from the time he was left a little motherless child in India, through the later struggles of the active boy in America—overcoming well-nigh insurmountable obstacles to secure an education—to the picture of that far-off, flower-covered grave in Mussourie, where the overworked body succumbed, in the prime of life, and the unquenchable spirit went out and up. But there is not a hint of despondency in the thought or expression of Dr. Phillips himself. The more we read the more we wonder at the brave, sunny, energetic worker. He threw himself heart and soul into whatever he had to do, and did it systematically and successfully. Naturally there is much in this sketch that is of interest and usefulness to our own mission workers, besides the personal story and the record of the S. S. work in India. There was nothing narrow about this enthusiastic life, but the one note that sounded most persistently through it was "India." His most intense longing was always to be there, a vigorous helper in its uplift. "God bless my dear India," he wrote after a sojourn in America, "how glad I am to be back!" He was very methodical as well as enthusiastic, and often remarked, "True Christians *must* be business men." The continuous story of his life is an inspiration to persons of all ages and occupations.



CHRIST OUR SALVATION.

THIS exercise may be effectively represented by an arch of evergreen extending over the pulpit, upon which the letters composing "Christ our Salvation" should be fastened, as each child concludes its recitation. Eighteen children should take part in this exercise, each bearing a letter, to be handed to the leader at the close of the recitation.

1. Christ is the helmet of our salvation. Isa. 59 : 17.

2. Christ is the voice of our salvation. Ps. 118 : 15.

3. Christ is the rock of our salvation. Deut. 32 : 15.

Singing, "Rock of Ages, cleft for me !"

4. He is the God of salvation. 1 Chron. 16 : 35.

5. He has given us the word of salvation. Acts. 13 : 26.

6. He has given us the knowledge of salvation. Luke 1 : 77.

7. He has given us wells of salvation. Isa. 12 : 3.

Singing, "Jesus the Water of Life Will Give."

8. He has given us the garments of salvation. Isa. 61 : 10.

9. He has given us the hope of salvation. 1 Thess. 5 : 8.

10. He has given us the word of salvation. Eph. 1 : 13.

Singing, "Sing them over again to me."

11. He has given us the cup of salvation. Ps. 116 : 13.

12. He has given us the way of salvation. Acts 16 : 17.

13. He has given us a day of salvation. Isa. 49 : 8.

14. He has given us a token of salvation. Phil. 1 : 28.

15. He is called the horn of our salvation. Luke 1 : 69.

16. He is the tower of salvation for his king. 2 Sam. 22 : 51.

17. He is the author of our salvation. Heb. 5 : 9.

18. He is the captain of our salvation. Heb. 2 : 10.

Singing, "Trust in Him who is your captain."

Recitation,

We are only little children,
 'Tis not much that we can do,
 To proclaim the gladsome story
 Far beyond the ocean blue.

But we'll gladly work for Jesus
 With our loving, childish might,
 That the gospel of salvation
 In dark lands may shed its light.
 —Over Sea and Land.

A CRADLE-ROLL PARTY.

"WHAT for the baby's birthday—the baby that's one year old?" sang Minnie, dancing round the little wicker high-chair and putting in kisses like commas.

Mother looked up and laughed, and Dorothy, who was setting the table, stopped work, as she always did when she had a bright idea.

"That sounds like poetry!" she said, singing it over, and adding a line or two to make a verse of it:

What for the baby's birthday—
The baby's that's one year old?
Give her a bushel of kisses—
That's better'n a lapful o' gold!

It was father's turn to laugh then, and he and the boys chased Dorothy round the table, promising to put her out of doors if she ever made up any more verses. The baby laughed to see the fun, and by the time they sat down to supper they were all in a fine humor, which was lucky for Dorothy's bright idea. If you ever want to ask a favor, get folks to feeling happy and good-natured. Some of you boys and girls don't seem to know that, by the way you come whining around when you want anything.

"A party! For a one-year-old baby!" said father; and mother herself looked surprised, though she didn't say anything.

"O yes, papa dear!" coaxed Dorothy. "A Cradle-Roll party! She's just the right age for one!"

"What does the child mean?" asked father, looking over to mother.

"Ask her!" said mother, looking interested. "I don't know but she has got hold of an idea. What is it, Dorry, darling?"

"Why, don't you know she's a Cradle-Roll baby?" said Dorothy eagerly. "And there's lots of other babies round here that ought to be. I heard you talking about it at the sewing circle the other day. And why wouldn't it be a lovely way to invite them all to supper—and their mothers—to-morrow night, and get 'em to do it, you know! I think 'twould be fun!"

"I'm not sure but I do!" said mother thoughtfully. "Really, I believe a good many would do it if we set the thing going pleasantly. It's a good, pleasant, central place to come, and the walking's good, and there aren't any mumps or measles to speak of? Could you help amuse the babies if they got fretty? I should have to be talking to their mothers!"

"O, wouldn't I!" cried Dorry. "I'd bring down my big dolly-house and all my playthings. And I'd—"

I might as well stop somewhere, but they talked a whole hour about it. The

end was that the boys went round next morning with a little basket of invitations to the minister's house that night to a Cradle-Roll party. The invitations were the cutest things! In the upper left-hand corner of the little pink sheets was a dear little pen-and-ink sketch of a cradle, making the daintiest souvenir, whether they came or not. But most of the invited ones did come. They wanted to show their babies, and they liked besides to please the minister's wife. She had the best-furnished parlor in town that afternoon. Every chair and sofa-corner had a baby in it, and the rest took the floor and lay in a nest of cushions. And every one of those babies signed the Cradle-Roll, or their mothers did for them! The minister's wife explained it to them, and they thought it was lovely. You don't know about the Cradle-Roll? Why, it's the Baby Annex of the Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, and every baby ought to have the right to set his hand and seal to it. Some of the mothers cried when they spread out the little fat fingers and traced their outline. It seemed to mean so much more than any common signing.—*Anna F. Burnham, in Mission Dayspring.*

THE PROVIDENCE, R. I. CRADLE-ROLL.

RHODE ISLAND.—Perhaps the most popular department of the W. M. S. at the present time is the Cradle-Roll of Little Light Bearers. Its popularity is doubtless due to its newness and novelty. Like every other departure from the routine the difficulties center about the starting point, but the path is plain. In our auxiliary (the Roger Williams, Providence) a committee was appointed to consider the matter of the cradle-roll. At the next auxiliary meeting the committee reported favorably to the adoption of this department, and suggested a committee of these to be elected by the society as one of its permanent committees, and known as the cradle-roll committee. A sample cradle-roll outfit had been obtained from Mrs. Roberts, and was shown to the ladies at this meeting, and then placed in the hands of the new committee. The cradle-roll committee began work. The chairman obtained a list of the addresses of the little people of the parish from the superintendent of the S. S. baby roll; a supply of leaflets for the mothers from Mrs. Roberts; and cute little doll mite-boxes for the wee ones, also from Mrs. Roberts. A meeting of the committee was held as soon as this material was in hand, and the field divided and plans laid for the visiting campaign. At the next auxiliary meeting after their election the cradle-roll committee triumphantly reported twenty-five Little Light Bearers enrolled, and almost as many more yet to be visited. Plans are even now simmering for Cradle-Roll day in June.

LENA S. FENNER.

“KEEP faith with your child.”

" THEN don't forget, when things go wrong
To try the magic in a song;
For cheerful heart and smiling face
Bring sunshine to the shadiest place."

Contributions.

F. B. WOMAN'S MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Receipts for April, 1899.

MAINE.

Biddeford aux.	\$15.00
Brunswick 1st F. B. ch. aux. for salary of Miss Coombs	9.00
Dover and Foxcroft F. B. aux.	4.00
E. Corinth ch. Mrs. H. McGregory	1.00
Harrison aux.	9.75
Island Falls F. B. S. S. class No. 5 for Miss Barnes	4.00
Lewiston Bates Y. W. C. A. for two orphans at Bhimpore orphanage special	10.00
Limerick F. B. aux.	2.50
Limerick children's mission band towards one share Miss Barnes's salary	2.50
Ocean Park thank-offering meeting	20.48
Old Town Mrs. Gammon for native teacher "Jessie" with Miss Coombs	2.50
Saco aux. for Lydia Durgin	8.32
Wells Branch F. B. ch. (F. M.)	10.00
W. Lebanon aux. income of Mary A. Dearborn fund (F. M.)	6.00

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Belknap Asso. col.	5.00
Belmont 2d ch. E. E. Lamprey	2.00
Dover Hills Home and F. M. society from Fred Ward Demeritt for Rachel Das	10.00
Franklin Falls aux.	5.68
Gonic C. E. Soc. for S. O.	6.25
Pittsfield Y. P. M. S. for S. O.	6.25
Somersworth aux. for Bessie Peckham school A friend to the cause for the support of Sadie S. Clark in S. O.	10.00
	25.00

NOTE.—Money that was directed to be used for Rachel Das from Hills H. and F. M. Soc. should have been for Julia Letts.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Lowell Chelmsford St. aux. for native teacher	6.25
Somerville aux.	4.00

RHODE ISLAND.

Auburn ch. Hattie Phillips's salary	5.00
Carolina aux. Hattie Phillips's salary	10.00
Carolina aux. Ind. Dept.	10.00
No. Scituate aux. Ind. Dept.	1.25
No. Scituate aux. Hattie Phillips	1.25
Olneyville aux. Hattie Phillips	3.00
Olneyville aux. Ind. Dept.	3.57
Pascoag aux. Hattie Phillips	5.00

Pascoag aux. Ind. Dept.	5.00
Pawtucket aux. Ind. Dept.	6.25
Pawtucket aux. Hattie Phillips	6.25
Providence Elmwood Ave. aux. Hattie Phillips	3.00
Providence Elmwood Ave. aux. Ind. Dept.	3.25
Providence Park St. aux. Ind. Dept.	10.00
Providence Park St. aux. Hattie Phillips	10.00

NEW YORK.

Grant F. B. W. M. S. F. M.	4.00
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OHIO.

North Solon Lena H. Lane thank-offering	1.00
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PENNSYLVANIA.

Lawsville Center Jun. Miss. Band for Miss Barnes	5.00
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INDIANA.

Badger F. B. S. S. primary and intermediate classes for Miss Barnes	1.25
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ILLINOIS.

Chicago F. B. ch. and Y. P. S. C. E. for Miss Barnes	10.00
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MINNESOTA.

Winona W. M. S. of F. B. ch. F. M.	5.00
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IOWA.

Aurora aux. for Miss Scott	4.10
Central City aux. for Miss Scott	6.00
Delaware and Clayton Q. M. Soc.50
Lamont aux. for Miss Scott	3.40
Spencer S. S. for Miss Barnes	2.00

SOUTH DAKOTA.

Clear Lake Junior C. E. Soc. for Miss Barnes	1.18
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NEW BRUNSWICK.

St. John West Junior C. E. Soc. of F. ch. B. for Golden Memorial	6.00
St. John West Junior C. E. Soc. of F. B. ch. for Miss Barnes	4.00

Total \$ 321.73

LAURA A. DEMERITTE, *Treas.*

Ocean Park, Me.

per EDVTH R. PORTER, *Asst. Treas.*

FORM OF BEQUEST.

I GIVE and bequeath the sum of ——— to the Free Baptist 'Woman's Missionary Society, a corporation of the state of Maine.